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whole truth, he has led many Protestants to believe what is false.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

THEBA.

We beg to assure our correspondent, that when we published in our last number, what Pat said about confession, we were perfectly aware of the existence of the "Confiteor." Whatever our fault may be, it certainly was not ignorance of that remarkable document—"I confess to Almighty God, to the Blessed Virgin Mary, to the Blessed Michael the Archangel, to the Blessed John the Baptist," &c. &c.

Whoever uses this confession, confesses to St. John the Baptist, and all the others, in precisely the same way, and in the very same words, in which he confesses to Almighty God. Either St. John the Baptist and all the others are raised to an equality with God in the matter of confession of sin, or else God Almighty is reduced to the level of his creatures as respects the confession of sin. Either way we think this form of confession is dishonouring to God; we think it a confession which a jealous God will not receive; and, therefore, we cannot accept it as proof that the Church of Rome teaches men to make an acceptable confession of sin to God.

But, while admitting (which we have never denied) that the Church of Rome does make some show of teaching men the duty of confessing their sins to God, we, at the same time, hold that the teaching of the Church of Rome, respecting the confession of sin, has a natural and necessary tendency to lead men to think little of confessing their sins to God, and to think much of confessing their sins to the priest. And this teaching of the Church of Rome about confession of sin, is so well calculated to produce this effect, that it would be a marvel if such an effect were not generally produced in the majority of ignorant persons, as we believe, in fact, it very often is.

The teaching of the Church of Rome about the confession and forgiveness of sins we believe to be this:—

1. If a man confess his sins to God, with perfect contrition, he will receive pardon from God without confessing to a priest.

2. This perfect contrition is a thing so difficult and so rare that few, if any, can expect to receive pardon of sin from God by it.

3. God did, therefore, provide an easier way for sinners to be saved—namely, by confessing their sins to a priest—in which method perfect contrition is not necessary; so that the majority of men who could not obtain the pardon of their sins by confessing to God, may be able to find pardon by confessing to a priest, who will let them off on easier terms.

If our correspondent, "Theba," will look to what the catechism of the Council of Trent says of confession, under the sacrament of penance, he will see that we have rightly stated the doctrine of the Church of Rome on this subject.

We think the effect of such teaching must necessarily be, to lead men to think much of confessing to a priest, and little of confessing to God. Most ignorant Roman Catholics will naturally say, "a saint, indeed, may get pardon by confessing to God with perfect contrition; but I cannot be a saint in the Church of Rome; I cannot have perfect contrition; I must be content to get forgiveness in the easiest way which God has provided; so I must look to the priest, and not to God, for pardon of sin."

We believe that this teaching does work out its natural consequences among Roman Catholics to a large extent, and we do not think that the "confiteor"—which actually puts creatures on a level with God in the matter of confession of sin—is calculated to correct this error.

But our friend, "Theba," undertakes to teach Pat where he may find confession to a priest in the Bible; and we will be happy to explain "Theba's" teaching to Pat, and see if it be sufficient to convince and to satisfy a poor Irishman who reads his Bible. Judas, when he had betrayed our Lord, confessed to the priests, and made restitution and satisfaction. "Confessing to the priests," may sound a little to the purpose; but Pat knows that these were the Jewish priests who put Christ to death, and not the ministers of Christ. Such difficulties are very small to a man who studies his Bible.

As to Judas's CONTRITION, we are decidedly of opinion that "Theba" has fallen into an error in applying that word to Judas. "Theba" ought to have said "ATTRITION." The difference, according to theologians of the Church of Rome, appears to be this—contrition means sorrow for having offended God; it is sorrow for sin, because it is sin; whereas attrition is merely sorrow for the punishment of sin. Judas certainly had not contrition—he had no godly sorrow for sin—but he had attrition—dread and horror at what he had brought on himself; and he had this attrition to a very high degree, for even the sight of his money became so odious to him that, covetous as he was, he could not bear to look at it, but cast back the price of blood to those who gave it. Thus, the horror which Judas had of his sin was great, and it worked a great effect; yet "attrition" did not save him. St. Paul says—"Godly sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation, not to be repented of; but the sorrow of the world worketh death" (2 Cor. vii. 10); and so, indeed, it proved with Judas, for his "attrition" so tormented him, that he went and hanged himself, that, as St. Peter says, "he might go to his own place."—Acts i. 25. Such, we believe, has often been the effect of "attrition"—that is, of sorrow for the punishment of sin, without a godly sorrow for having offended God by sin; an awful

warning, we think, against the doctrine that "attrition, with confession to a priest," is effectual for salvation.

Some persons, we believe, are perplexed at the expression in our translation of the Bible, that Judas "repented;" we may explain that the Greek word applied to Judas is not *μετανοεω*, which means a change of heart, but *μεταμελομαι*, which means only a change of purpose or conduct, in which sense the word "repent" is sometimes used in English.

No doubt, "Theba" makes out a very fair case for "confession, attrition, and satisfaction" in the case of Judas; but we must, at the same time, remind "Theba" that, after all, the main thing in the "sacrament of penance" was wanting in the case of Judas; for we do not read that the High Priest said to Judas, "I absolve thee." But, query, if the High Priest had said this to Judas, would it have made the "attrition" of Judas effectual for his salvation?

After all, "Theba" may be scarcely in earnest in bringing up this strange argument about Judas to us; but till some other correspondent can give us a better on the subject, we hope that Pat and Biddy, and many more, may think that Pat's simple way of confessing to God is better than either, "the confiteor," said a hundred times over, or the confession of Judas to the priests.

THE REV. DR. CAHILL AND CONTROVERSY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

SIR—As I am a Catholic, of course I wish to see the priests of the Catholic Church defending the doctrines which are held and taught by us, not only in our own chapels and at our regular services, but also when challenged by Protestant ministers to a public discussion. But, really I never was more astonished and disappointed than when I read the letter of the Rev. Dr. Cahill, in reply to an invitation sent him by seven Protestant ministers to meet them at Sligo, and have a public discussion on the disputed points of our faith. I read that letter, which purposed to be a "reply" to the ministers; I expected to find argument in it in support of our faith; but could not find one, from beginning to end. There was plenty of abuse in it, however, and, indeed, if Dr. Cahill thinks that he will convert Protestants by such language as he uses in his "reply," I fear the Catholic Church will have very few converts. But he says one thing which puzzles me a good deal. He says the Protestant Church is only 300 years old, and, during that time, it has changed no less than 754 times! so that it would be very difficult for him (if he did accept the challenge) to know what Protestants believe in the year 1855. But Dr. Newman, in his "Theory of Development," says, that the more a Church changes, the more perfect she becomes. Now, which of these two doctors are right? According to Dr. Cahill, the Protestant Church, with its regiments of "lemon-coloured soupers," &c., is the apostasy predicted by St. Paul; according to Dr. Newman, it ought to be the most perfect Church in existence. I must confess that I am puzzled which to believe; or ought I to believe any of them? But Dr. Cahill says he would not be allowed by his bishop to defend his Church. Here, in Dublin, there's nothing going on but sermons, and meetings, and goodness knows what else against "Popery," and not one to defend it, except, indeed, a few laymen, that haven't got the knowledge to meet ministers and trained Bible-readers, as well as the priests, and then Protestants will come up to us and say—"Your religion is wrong, it is contrary to the Bible," &c., and bring a lot of texts against us that we can't meet; and yet St. Peter says, that we ought to give a reason to every one that asks for the hope that is in us. Then there is your paper, where you invite any one to "break a friendly lance" with you, as you said in your last number; but no priest will do it. I am sure I can't but think that if St. Peter or St. Paul were alive now, and believed Protestants were heretics, they would not let them alone. But, now, sir, I want to get a little light thrown on what Drs. Newman and Cahill have written, to know which is right; and if some of the Catholics, who correspond so often with you, would explain it (and, indeed, I wish that Dr. Cahill would do it), for the information of one who is not so wise as themselves, they would confer a great advantage, not only on me, but on many others who are just in the same predicament.—I am, sir your humble servant,

W. RICHARDSON.

THE DOUAY BIBLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

MR. EDITOR—I sometimes get a loan of the CATHOLIC LAYMAN from one Jerry Donovan, a sister's son of mine, and I see that poor boys like myself sometimes write to your honour for advice, when they're any way troubled in their minds, and more by token, you never give them a cross word. Well, sir, I was coming from Cork, after seeing off two boys of mine who left for America, when who should I meet but Jerry Donovan himself; and as it was three months since I left Keelovenogue, I was mighty glad to see Jerry, to hear how the wife and children were getting on. "How did you leave all at home?" says I. "Bravely," says he. "And how's the neighbours?" says I. "Purty well," says he. "And how's his Reverence, Father John?"

says I. "Bad enough, then," says he. "And what ails him?" says I, "he was hearty and well when I left." Says he, "if you saw him now you'd hardly know him, he looks so bad." "Was it the fluinzy that took him?" says I. "No," says he. "Was it an attack of the rheumatics?" says I. "No," says he, "but an attack of the Romish controversy." Well, sir, I was dumfounded at this, for I heard a deal about the Romish controversy in Cork, and I seen the blue, and green, and yellow placards stuck on the walls, but still I couldn't think how this would make poor Father John look so bad as Jerry said; so, says I, "tell us all about it." "I will," says he; so with that he began his story, and says he, "every creature in Keelovenogue is mad about the controversy, and that's what fretting Father John; and I'll tell you how it all came to pass. When first the Protestant clergymen began the lectures, some of us went out of curiosity to hear what he had to say." Well, Mr. Editor, when Jerry told me that he had gone to such a place, I was mighty vexed, and says I, "you mean-spirited rascal, is it turning souper you are? I suppose you'll soon be a jumper on our hands; didn't Father John warn us from the altar against going to such places? didn't he tell us that if we listened to lectures, or Scripture-readers, or missionaries, we'd all become soupers and jumpers?" Well, sir, Jerry got a little vexed at this, and says he, "I'm no more a souper nor yourself, and I think our religion would be a very poor one if listening to a Protestant clergyman for an hour would take it away from us." "Oh! you villian," says I, "is it crying down our holy religion you are?" "No," says he, "but it's you and Father John that's crying it down." "What do you mean by that?" says I. "Why," says he, "when Father John and you says that hearing a lecture, or talking to a reader, would make us all turn Protestants, isn't it all one as admitting that our religion is a very weak one?" Well, Mr. Editor, I was mighty vexed at this twist of Jerry's, specially as I hadn't an answer ready, and the fellow was too cute for me in the logic; so, says I, "go on with your story." "Well," says he, "after we were some time in the room, the minister said some prayers, and I must admit they were as good words as ever I heard." "Why, then, how did you know that?" says I; "sure with all your impudence you don't pretend to know Latin, and maybe 'twas cursing you he was all the time." "Why," says he, "'twas Latin at all." "What else was it?" says I. "'Twas good English," says he. "Oh! the ignorant cratures," says I; "'tis because them Protestant clergies don't know the Latin that they speak all the same as one of ourselves." "No, indeed," says Jerry, "that's not the reason, anyhow; for the minister was at Dublin College, and knows Latin and Greek as well as I know the 'ladder of learning.'" "Why, then," says I, "if he's so knowledgeable, isn't it a wonder he wouldn't say the prayers in Latin, like our clergy?" "Maybe 'tis for a reason he has," says he. "What reason could he have?" says I. "Maybe," says Jerry, "he thinks the people would understand the prayers better in English." "Cock them up with understanding," says I; "how bad they are for understanding; but," says I, "I see what you're at, you villian, you're defending the heretics, and finding fault with our own clergy." "Deed I'm not," says he; "I was only trying to answer your question. But," says he, "the minister said one thing that night that stuck in us greatly. 'Boys,' says he, 'I like fair play, and I don't want to have all the talk to myself, and, perhaps,' says he, 'if your priest was to come here of a night, or if he was to appoint a place where we could both meet, he might be able to say something for his religion.'" Well, sir, when I heard Jerry getting on this way, I couldn't help interrupting him, and, says I, "Sure, Father John was the man for him; sure he often told us that he was longing to meet one of the spalpeens that's abusing our holy religion, till he'd give him a sacking. Why didn't you tell Father John of the fellow's boasting, and he'd soon take the shine out of him?" "Why," says Jerry, "only you stopped me I was going to tell you that we told it all to Father John next day." "And what did he say?" says I. "Why he said that, of course, if he thought it worth his while, he could put him down in less than no time, but that he wouldn't demean himself to argue with such a spalpeen, that he wouldn't be up and down with the likes of him." "And sure," says I, "Father John was right; is it for a holy man like him to be arguing with a set of jumpers and soupers?" "Why, then," says Jerry, "'tis soon you've changed your tune; five minutes ago you said that Father John was the very man to put them down, and that he was only longing to meet one of them to take the shine out of him." Well, Mr. Editor, I was clean caught—the fellow was too strong for me in the logic. So, says I, "go on with your story." "Well," says he, "some of the boys weren't quite satisfied with Father John's excuse, and as the Protestants were throwing it in our faces that we hadn't a word to say for our religion, we thought that, as our priests wouldn't speak for us, we'd speak for ourselves. So we asked Humphrey Carey, the great disputer, to come to the next lecture, and answer the minister. And, sure enough, he did, and well he spoke, too; and thinks I to myself, we owe more to poor Humphrey than to our priests; for though we pay them well, not one of them would speak up for us; but Humphrey stood his ground like a man, and gave the minister word for word, and text for text, so that

we were all delighted with him; and, by the same token, we made a good collection for him after the meeting, and he was the greatest man in Keelovenogue, greater than Father John himself. But, to hasten with my story: one evening the clergyman said that the priests were against letting the people have the Bible, and Humphrey says, quite stiff, that they weren't against the Douay Bible. Humphrey was foolish (as we told him afterwards) in saying this, but he was only trying to stand up for the priests. Well, the minister took him up at once, and says he, "Will you come with me to Father John to-morrow, to ask if he has any objection to letting his people have the Douay Bible?" Humphrey was fairly caught, and couldn't draw back, so he said he was ready to go with him whenever he liked. So the next day the minister and the clergyman of another parish, and two other gentlemen went with Humphrey to Father John. "Stop, Jerry," says I, "how do I know that you're telling me a word of truth? maybe it's deceiving me you are; sure I know that Father John wouldn't let the likes of them inside his door." "Why," says Jerry, "I suppose he thought 'twas no use to be denied to them; for if he didn't see them that day, they'd have gone the next, and the next, until they caught him; and besides," says he, "it must be true, for I've the whole matter here in my hat in a printed paper." So with that, sir, he took off the caubeen and pulled out a printed paper all about the visit to Father John. "But," says I, "Jerry, how do you know but it's lies are in the paper? There's many a thing printed that aint true, and maybe the parsons made it all out of their own heads." "So I thought at first," says Jerry; "but I brought it to Humphrey Carey and asked him if 'twas true, and he allowed that every word in it was true." "Well," says I, "read us your paper." Well, sir, Jerry read out of the paper how the parson asked Father John, whether he had any objection to the people having the Douay Bible, and Father John said at once that he hadn't the least objection in life. "Stop, Jerry," says I, "there must be some mistake there; are you quite sure Father John said that?" "Deed, I am," says he, "here it is in black and white." "Why, then," says I, "sure it's not six months since Father John warned us against the Bible; for," says he, "boys, 'twill only make soupers of you." "That's all true," says Jerry; "but still what I read for you is true too." "Tear-an-ages, man," says I, "how can both be true? Sure he can't be for the Bible and against the Bible at the same time." "Why," says Jerry, "the priests have one answer for us and another for the Protestants; they're ashamed to cry down the Bible before Protestants, so they purtind they haven't the least objection in life to it." "Oh, you slander-ing villian," says I, "you deserve to be cursed with bell, book, and candle, for saying such a thing of your clergy." "Well," says he, "if you don't like my interpretation give as a better yourself." Well, sir, I was nonplussed again by the fellow's logic, and I didn't know how to account for Father John saying one thing to us in the chapel, and saying quite the opposite to the Protestants. "So," says I, "go on with the paper." "Well," says he, "the parson then asked Father John, why he didn't give out lots of Bibles to his people? 'Why,' says Father John, 'I'd be quite willing to give them out, but I haven't the money to buy them.' 'Oh,' says the minister, 'that's a pity, and I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll buy Douay Bibles if you'll let us give them to your people.' Well, Father John was greatly vexed at this, and said he wouldn't allow any such thing. 'Then,' says the minister, 'are you against the Bible?' 'I'm not,' says he, and he even said that 'twas his wish* that every one of his people who could read had one." "Well, Jerry," says I, "if Father John really wishes us to have the Bibles, and hasn't money to buy them himself, why wouldn't he let the Protestants buy them for us? Sure, let them be ever so bad, the touch of their hands wouldn't poison the book. Sure I'd eat an egg that came out of a dirty hand, for I know that the dirt couldn't get into it; and in like manner if the Bible is a good book, it wouldn't be made bad by coming out of a Protestant's hands." "Oh," says Jerry, "Father John knows all that as well as you; but he was only trying to get out of the hobble the best way he could; he was in a regular fix, for he didn't like before the Protestants to speak against the Bible, and still he wouldn't for the world that the people got a hold of it." "Why, then, Jerry, says I, "that's not fair play; that's not honest of Father John." "Oh," says he, turning quite sharp on me and laughing as if he'd burst, "who's the souper now?" Well, Mr. Editor, I was vexed to say that I had given the cunning rogue such an advantage over me; so, says I, "stop your laughing, and go on with your story." "Well," says he, "Father John determined not to let it all go with them, so he looked quite stiff at the minister, and says he, 'isn't it a shame for a clergyman like you to be disputing with poor unlearned men; you should be ashamed of yourselves,' says he, 'for arguing with poor tinkers and weavers, who never went through college.'" "Hurra," says I, "Father John for ever, more power to his elbow, sure I knew he had it in him if he was put to it." "Stop a while," says Jerry, "Father John never said a more foolish word in his life." "How so?" says I. "Because," says he, "it brought him into the very middle of a hobble; the parson took him up at once, and says he, 'Father John you're the last man in the world that should bring this charge against us. Sure,' says he, 'why is it that

* Fact.

we argue with unlearned men, but because the learned men like yourself won't come forward.'" "Oh, murder," says I, "that was a hard cut." "Twas so," says Jerry, "and Father John felt it sorely; he hadn't a word in his mouth; and, what was worse than all, he saw that he had brought it upon himself." "And what did poor Father John say then?" says I. "Why," says Jerry, "he tried to make some excuses which I haven't time to repeat for you now;" so with that we parted. But now, Mr. Editor, I must tell you that though I didn't let on to Jerry, still my mind is greatly troubled about Father John and the Bible. I know that our clergy are against it, and I know that our priests count it a dangerous book, that would only make Protestants of us; and I know that heavy penance would be put on any of us that had a Bible in the house; and, after all this, isn't it the queerest thing in the world that Father John told these Protestant gentlemen that he had no objection in life to the Bible? and even said he wished* we all had Douay Bibles. Now, Mr. Editor, how can you explain this? At first I explained it myself by thinking that what Father John told us in chapel was the true story, and that what was in the paper was a lie; but I had to give up this explanation, for a thousand of the papers were distributed, giving the clergymen's names, and the priests' names, and the names of the gentlemen who went with the clergymen; and these papers were stuck up about the town, and given to all the people; and still Father John never denied that he said what was in the paper; and Humphrey Carey admitted that every word was true. Still, sir, I can't think Father John would be so unfair as to have one answer for us, and another for the Protestants. Sure this wouldn't be like an honest man, much less like a holy priest of the old and true Church. I'm sure that all the difficulty lies in my own ignorance, and because I don't know anything of logic; but I think a learned man like your honour could explain what seems to be a contradiction to a poor ignorant man like me. Do, then, Mr. Editor, and good luck to you, set my mind at ease on this point.

Your humble servant to command,

DAN CARTHY.

We readily insert Mr. Carthy's letter, having heard many similar accounts of the double conduct of Roman Catholic priests about the circulation of the Douay Bible. Our conviction is, that the time is rapidly approaching when, if the Roman Catholic clergy and laity do not establish a Bible Society for their own people, Protestants will feel it their duty to do so, so as to let the people of Ireland, who are advancing in education and intelligence every day, have the only Bible which they can believe to be a true one, at the same moderate price that Protestants can procure their authorized version. For ourselves we feel no difficulty about the matter, and should wish the Douay Bible to be in the hands of every man in Ireland that can read, and is unwilling as yet to trust the accuracy of the Protestant version. We have published our reasons pretty fully for preferring the latter; but believing the original Hebrew and Greek Old and New Testaments to be truly the Word of the living God, we think any translation of it extant to be preferable to none at all; and if the Douay Bible were once in the people's hands it would, we think, be the greatest step ever made in the progress of true national education.

MAUNDAY THURSDAY AT ROME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

SIR—A short time ago a friend of mine wrote you a letter about the Mass in the Crimea, and the height of an altar, and the like, and signed himself "Poor Paddy" [CATH. LAYMAN, vol. iv., p. 23]. Now, sir, that you know is not his real name. He was afraid to give it out and out; but as I know him—and, indeed, I put him up to write that letter—I am sorry nobody has answered his questions; but that is not your fault, for you invited them to answer him; and, as "Poor Paddy" knows me, and is in the secret of this letter, I think he will be offended if nobody answers this. So that it will be between us, your honour.

I suppose you know, sir, that every man among us feels himself honoured when his parish priest is honoured, and, indeed, your honour, we poor people in Clerkenwell, have been very much honoured entirely, because our parish priest Father Kyne, was invited to Rome; and we hear that he had some hand in making the new faith there, last December, about the Immaculate Conception; and sure, that's equal, anyhow, to writing a part of the Bible; and, like the Hail Mary, at all events, that took three parties to make it to its present size, so the faith of the Church has been partly made by our parish priest, Father Kyne; and it's he can make great doctrines, your honour, when he likes to put himself to it, so he can.

But that's not all—it's not my question, anyhow. What I want to know is, what I read in the *Tablet* (of April 28th last, in page 260), where we are told that Mr. Kyne, our parish priest, had the honour of preaching a sermon, in English, in Rome; and the sermon was all about us and our neighbours; and the man that writes to the *Tablet*, all the way from Rome, goes on to say these words—"Your readers will be interested to hear that Father Kyne was one of 'the apostles' in the ceremonies of Maunday Thursday—that is, he had his feet washed by the Holy Father," &c.

* Fact.

Oh, your honour, what a washing that must have been! and Father Kyne, I'm sure, never had such clean feet since he was born as when his Holiness washed them; and wasn't it mighty kind of the Pope to do that to our parish priest? But what bothers me entirely is, that the *Tablet*-man says that "Father Kyne was one of the apostles." Does he mean to say that he actually was one of them? or that he was transubstantiated into one of them? And, what vexes me more than all is, that the parson about here read it, too; and, sure enough, it wasn't long after my breakfast, that he walks in, and, sitting down, with an arch smile on his face, he says to me—"Well, Callaghan, so Father Kyne has had his feet washed in Rome." "So it's reported," said I; "and I hope that same is no stranger to him." "Well," said the minister, "it's strange for him to have such a servant, anyhow." "True for you," said I. "But, Callaghan," says he, looking mighty cute, "you remember our conversation the other day about 'This is my body'—don't you?" "I do," says I. "And," says he, "do you still stick to the literal interpretation of the word is?" "To be sure I do," says I; "and why shouldn't I? Doesn't it mean that it really was his body, or, as the Church says, was transubstantiated into his body?"

The minister stopped awhile, and took out the *Tablet*, and says to me, "Sure, Callaghan, but, what do you think, Father Kyne was transubstantiated the other day into one of the apostles." "Into one of the apostles, your honour! (not Judas, I hope); but you're not serious. Are you?" "Why, I only tell you what I see here in the *Tablet*, that 'Father Kyne was one of the apostles.'" "Oh," says I, "is that all the proof you have? Sure that doesn't mean he was really one of the apostles, but that he only represented one of them?" "What do you mean, Callaghan?" says he. "Do you mean to say the *Tablet* tells a lie in saying he was one of the apostles, when all the time he was no such thing?" "I mean to say, your reverence, that he wasn't one of the apostles, anyway." "And why not believe literally what the *Tablet* says?" said the minister. "Why, because it is impossible," said I. "But," says the minister, "with God all things are possible." "Sure you don't mean to say," said I, "that God would turn Father Kyne into one of the apostles this time of day?" "And why not?" said he. "Because, your reverence, couldn't the people see Father Kyne, and feel him, and hear him speak, and know by his looks, and his voice, and by every bit of him, that it was Father Kyne still, and that it wasn't one of the apostles?"

The minister put up the *Tablet* again, and I looking at him as though I had put him down altogether in his queer notions, when he says to me, "Well, Callaghan, you are an inconsistent fellow; you told me just now that 'This is my body' means this is really my body, changed and transubstantiated; and now you tell me that the words 'Father Kyne was one of the apostles,' mean that he really was not one of the apostles, and can only mean that he represented one of the apostles. Now, you know, Callaghan," says he, "is and was are parts of the same verb, only different tenses, and what one means the other must mean; and if you would know Father Kyne to be Father Kyne, by feeling him, and seeing him, and hearing him, can you not also know that the wafer, after consecration, is a wafer, by feeling, tasting, seeing, and smelling it?" "It's mighty queer," says I to him. And so I say now to you, Mr. Editor, "It's mighty queer."

"Poor Paddy" and myself talked over the matter that evening, and we resolved that I should write you this letter, your honour; and we are in hope somebody will give us an answer to it, and say whether Father Kyne was (that is, really was) one of the apostles; or if the word means represented; and, if so, how am I to interpret "This is my body?" I'll be sure to hear enough about it from the Protestants, never fear, and something every day, until I am able to clear up the difficulty.

Won't you help me, Mr. Editor? and, if you print this, you will oblige

Your humble servant,

TIMOTHY CALLAGHAN.

Clerkenwell, London, May 3, 1855.

FARMING OPERATIONS FOR MAY.

(From the *Irish Farmers' Gazette*.)

Vetches—Sow, according to requirements, successional breadths of vetches, mixed with oats and rape, once or twice during the month.

Beans should be horse and hand-hoed.

Carrots and Parsnips should be hand-hoed between the rows; if sown early they will be ready for singling out by the end of the month, after which they should be horse-hoed, or grubbed, or dug between with Parkes' digging-forks.

Potatoes will require close attention in weeding, hoeing, and earthing up, if in drills, and weeding and careful moulding from the furrows, if in ridges or lazy-beds.

Winter-sown Soiling Crops, such as rye and vetches, will be coming into use by the end of the month; as they are consumed the land should be put in preparation for turnips, &c.

New Pastures should be eaten bare to prevent the plants seedling, promote tillering, and cover the ground quickly to form a close sward.